

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 80.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

[ONE PENNY.]



"GUY FAWKES GUY" DAY.

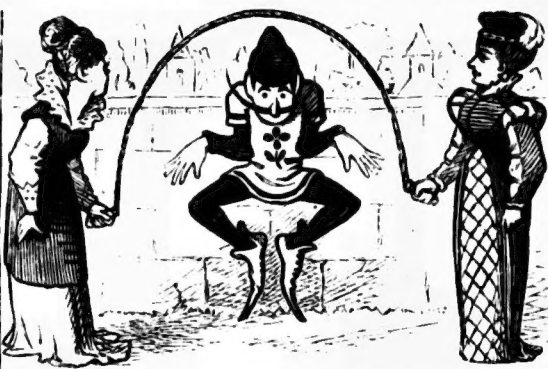
"It being Alexandry's birthday, dear, we kept it in the back garden at Battersea with fireworks and other festivities. Mr. McGooseley, who dropped in, was of great assistance, and Poor Billy, with his usual luck, got badly burnt. Poor Pa was very animated indeed, and for some time to come we shall all remember the Fifth of November."

[EXTRACT FROM TOOTSIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.]

HOW SOME PLACES GOT THEIR NAMES.—No. V.



1. BOXMOOR (Herts).—It is not widely understood that Boxmoor is so named because Othello, in his boyish days, was taught here "the circumstances of glorious war."



2. SKIPTON (Yorks).—The skipping rope first came into fashion here. This recreation was not then, as now, confined to juvenility, but to persons of mature age, like unto tennis of the present day.



3. PINNER (Middlesex).—From the simple fact that pinafors were designed by an old noble who resided here, not as an article of infantile dress, but as a badge of Royalty. But the effect, when he exhibited a pattern before the monarch, was thought so ludicrous, that the king declared they should only be worn by children, allowing, however, the inventor to wear one himself.

ANOTHER CANNIBAL.

On the tenth of April, seventeen hundred and seventy seven, according to the octavo edition of King's "Vale Royal," a man named Thorley was hanged for killing and eating a ballad singer. The singer's name was Ann Smith, she was twenty-two years of age, and she was well-known in that part of the country (Congleton, Chester), where the crime was committed.

Some men passing a brook observed a woman's petticoat in the water, and suspecting something was wrong, made a search which resulted in the discovery of several dismembered portions of a human body. On the head being found, a woman who saw it exclaimed, "That is poor Ann Smith, the ballad-singer." The body had been emptied, the tongue removed, and portions of the flesh had been cut off the limbs and were missing.

A countryman gazing on this horrible spectacle, and noticing the way in which the body had been cut up, hazarded the guess that it was the work of a butcher.

A butcher was among those busiest in the search, and loudest in expressing detestation of the murderer. The general character of this butcher (Thorley) was bad, and his disposition ferocious. Moreover, he had attracted attention and disgust by a habit of eating raw meat.

The same countryman who had come to the conclusion that a butcher was the murderer, ascertained that Thorley had called at the cottage of an old woman with some of what he called fresh pork, and asked her to take care of it for him till next

morning. Next morning he asked her permission to boil some of it, which being granted, he ate a portion for breakfast. It, however, disagreed with him, and he told her to throw the rest away. She did not eat any herself, but she did not do as he bade her, and on her cottage being searched, several pieces of flesh were found. They were carried to a surgeon, who at once pronounced them to belong to some human body.

Thorley being taken into custody, acknowledged his guilt, and confessed that he met the young woman on a pathway near Congleton, and enticed her to a lonely spot some distance from the road, cut off her head, and mutilated the corpse.

Being questioned as to the motive that had prompted him to commit such a horrible act, he simply said that having heard that human flesh resembled young pig in taste, curiosity prompted him to try if it were true.

During his imprisonment and trial he behaved with great indifference, and at the gallows only asked if the hangman intended to strip him, when, receiving an answer in the negative, he displayed a slight degree of satisfaction. His body was hung in chains near Congleton.

He had never shown any signs of insanity, and the witnesses on the trial seemed convinced that extreme avarice was his principal inducement to the commission of the savage act.

"I am glad I have heard that story," said a bright-eyed boy by the name of Alexandry, who had been listening in tranquil rapture whilst his friend William Higgins, otherwise Blood-Be-pattered Bill, read aloud this touching narrative in soft, silvery tones. "If the young woman didn't agree with poor Thorley, Uncle Benjamin jolly well wouldn't with us. Perchance 'twere better if we spared him. The twopenny bottle of Worcestershire Sauce, now in stock, must bide its time."

"There's my sister Evelina," murmured William. "She's a trifle scraggy, 'tis true; but, ah! bright thought—there's Tootsie."

For a while the two young and beautiful boys were lost in meditation, and then Bill fetched the steel, and began to sharpen the oyster knife. (Next week the Barber Friend of the Rue de la Harpe).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.

W. W. G. (Upper Norwood).—By all means; if you call at "The Sloperies" we shall be happy to show you the Sea Serpent caught off Bognor in July last. He's in a pickle jar. STEPHEN BASHFORD (Cardiff).—Sorry we've no room for your amusing sketch. A. S. U.—If you know where THE UMBRELLA is, why don't you say so. There's been more excitement about that gingham than there was over the Missing Gainsborough. LITTLE P. P.—Of course the guinea is a good one. Rather!!—J. S. COLEMAN (Richmond).—ALLY, although not a water drinker, quite agrees with your views expressed in the verse on "THE RIVER AT RICHMOND." McGooseley, too, is quite of your opinion. G. WALTER (Malda Vale).—ALLY has no money for such a purpose. CORPORAL E. HOLLOWAY (2nd Bat. R. W. Fusiliers, Fermoyle).—The Eminent is delighted with your verses, "Is Life Worth Living?" and would willingly insert the whole poem had he room—he must content himself however with one verse:—

Since we are doomed to Nature's course,
Tho' poor may be its giving,
There's but one thing, one only thing
That makes this life worth living.
Tho' hearts are dull with sad remors
With troubles of the day,
A life you'll find worth living for
In ALLY'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

ADELINA PATTI.—The song, "The Lost Voice" (a song of the "Ammonaphone"), by Percy G. Moatla and Alfred Allen, is published at 52, Oxford Street, W. F. O. S.—Much obliged for post card. It was a lapsus lingue. AN ARDENT ADMIRER (No. 1, Round the Corner).—ALLY begs to tender his heartfelt thanks for cheque for £2 2s. What a lot of "unsweetened" he will have now! Further Donations thankfully received. ONE OF DORSET (Bournemouth).—She was indeed a persevering young lady; but for a bride to threaten to clout the head of her lord and master before the couple left the church is, to say the least, a bit premature. EDITH.—A Planchette is a small table with a pencil attached to it, on which you place your hand; and at your will it is supposed to write the name of any person you may be thinking of. Glad you send the "HALF-HOLIDAY" to America, "we reckon it knocks the Fankers." ANON.—The railway ticket you send, "Wapping to Aldgate East," is nothing to do with A. SLOPER, you ought to have sent it to Sir Arthur Orton, it's more his district than the Eminent's. INQUIRER (Islington).—Yes, ALLY was present at Harry Hunter's benefit at the Mohawks on October 21st, and capably did Walter Howard sing the song, "SLOPER the Interloper." A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.—Many thanks for suggestions, we shall certainly publish the SLOPER Cartoons in book form some day. C. KERRY.—You certainly won't get the £10 until the Umbrella has been identified by ALLY. "LADIES' CHARMER" (Hornerton).—You had better write to the Matrimonial News. ANON.—Send the Umbrella, and we can then judge whether it is the Long Lost Gingham. "OLD SMOKE" (Surbiton).—ALLY strongly advises you to smoke nothing but Larranagas, and be sure to get them at Skinner's, 221, Strand. ALLY knows where to get his smoker, thank goodness.

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday." To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free.

3 months, 1s. 6d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

P.O.O.'s payable to W. J. SINKINS.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

—£1:1:0—

And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT," will be given for the best Original Verse, in 4 lines, on

GUY FAWKES' DAY.

As William Higgins, otherwise Blood-Stained Bill, is steeped in crime of all kinds, be good enough to address the verses to him, as under:—

BILL HIGGINS,

"THE SLOPERIES,"

Near Gunpowder Alley,

Fleet Street, London, E.C.

* The list will close SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14TH.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

ATROPOS of parties saying unpleasant things about other parties, there has been a good deal of that kind of thing going on lately. There are occasions, it would appear, when you may safely call a man an infernal miscreant, whilst it is not always advisable to do so upon other occasions. There is really a surprising number of hideous scoundrels, despicable wretches, unmitigated liars, and mean-spirited paltry shuffling thieves about. I know what I think of Moses, for instance; but this column is not the place for personalities.

ROSEWOOD FURNITURE, TO POLISH.—The following recipe was given us by our grandmother, and consequently we know that it is valuable, and would not part with it under any consideration (not for wild horses, untold gold, etc., etc.) to any one in the whole world, except to the readers of the only really comic paper. It will not only polish rosewood furniture, but almost anything else, from rusty grates up to silver spoons. The only thing is be sure that you use enough of it. Finally, the name of this invaluable specific is—ELBOW GREASE.

HYPOCHONDRIACS rejoice! Strong, good, melon brandy has been distilled by a French chemist. The experimentalist states that "It inebriates cheerfully, and blows up melancholy with the rapidity of dynamite." He adds, "One trial will suffice." Just so!



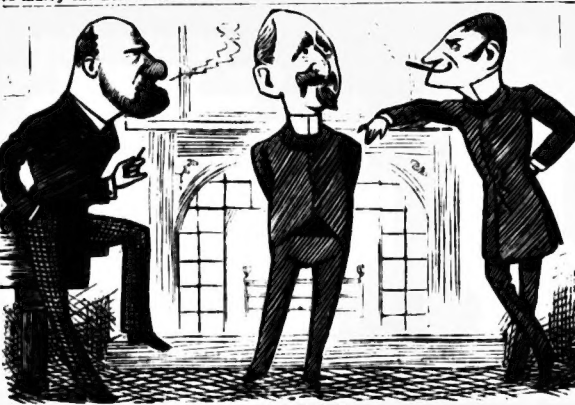
FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 50.—The "Guy Fawkes Guy" Costume.



ART NOTE.
Now, this is Miss Tinkleton. You know her work, of course? A great believer in the female form divine, and thinks Mr. Horsley, R.A., ought to be made to marry the British Matron.



Happy Ems (to Converted Jane).—Oh! ain't he just jammy?



GRANT ED.
Messrs. the Hon Hawkbill Raven, Colonel Maurice Didier, and Dash Blank, chairman, directors, promoters, and everything else, of the St. Bosh Mining Co.



THE PRICE OF MEAT.
Sentimental Butcher.—My heart bleeds for thee.



A "Friv" girl's idea of a costume for the Liverpool Cup.
[What do you think?]

WILD wails from golden-tressed ladies travel to us across the waves of the "herring-pond." Woeful wails! elicited by the cruel conduct of the Yankee Doodle examining officials who pass or reject the lady applicants for Government situations. These monsters assert that dark-haired maidens make better clerks, are more steady at their work, and possess infinitely better tempers than fair-haired damsels. Therefore they crowd down to such an extent on blondes, that the golden-locked daughters of Eve are obliged to dye their hair or wear coal-black wigs when they seek State employment. Hard lines!

THE other day, while watching a Salvation Army contingent indulging in offensive vagaries, and listening to the disgusting yells of its members, asserting their claims to be considered true and gallant soldiers, the words of the Duke of Wellington came into our mind, "Men who have nice notions about religion have no right to be soldiers." No! nor nasty ideas on the same subject either, we mentally added.

THERE happen'd once to be two swine
With minds of different design;
So merry one was and so jolly—
The other he was melancholy.

Thus travelled the jolly and dreary,
Along this life's journey so weary;
But, whatever these two may have thought,
To daylight has not yet been brought,

And that is all that is known about them.

GENUINE German music is pleasant enough to listen to when well played, but saints save us from the itinerant German bandsmen, who adapt the tunes of other countries, and invest them with a decided Teutonic twang! We dropped out of our suburban palace the other night to interrupt the harmony of a German band blowing out crude strains. Curiosity induced us to ask the leader what was being played. In guttural accents he growled out, "Ze Forststadtburger Blutsurst! alt, zara." Casting our optics over his score, we saw marked at the top in shaky hieroglyphics, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

A FRENCH criminal has inherited a fortune of two million francs and a charming estate somewhere in Switzerland. He has yet over two years of incarceration to endure before taking over his property. He has quite delighted the chaplain of the gaol he is confined in by announcing his intention of leading an honest life for the future. Criminals can be reclaimed sometimes, you see.

WE live in parlous and warlike times. Leaden bullets as buttons are being worn by ladies. The dear little souls like to show their spirit when occasion offers. "Every bullet has its billet," chanted Old Bashington, as he tried to nibble one off a girl's dress the other night. But when his false teeth came out in the attempt he was subjected to a cross-fire of chaff that wounded him mortally.

"Do people often try to persuade you to take a drink?" we inquired of a poverty-stricken street musician, who was amply decorated with the blue ribbon badge. "They do, sir," he replied, as he shook the rain off his silver-grey locks. "They do, saints be praised. And it's about a thousand to one I don't refuse."

WE are continually being surprised at finding what a number of good shots or expert swordsmen other nations possess. The reason even semi-savage races excel in the use of their weapons is obvious. Every aboriginal male infant is practised in the use of arms from almost babyhood. Why should not every healthy boy in this country be taught at school to shoot and play singlestick? Air-guns are not very costly, and ash-plants may be had for a mere nothing.

DEARY! only two persons are supposed to have been killed by acrolites falling from the sky within a thousand years. One case is said to have happened in Saxony about nine hundred and ninety-nine years ago. The other instance reported is stated to have just occurred in America. There is a strong notion abroad that the earlier case is rather more worthy of credence than the later.

WE reproduce a tempting and condescending offer from a Muscovite to our girls, in the following advertisement, which appeared in a contemporary recently:—"A Russian gentleman, orphan, aged 50, 6 feet, light haired, and abstemious, income about £100 (which will increase), wishes to correspond with an English lady or widow, from 19 to 45, orphan preferred, having ample means of her own, and willing to reside in Yakutsk, Siberia. Advertiser would make a devoted husband, and be thoroughly fond of his home. He prefers sweet yielding character, to beauty, but objects to children. Address, etc."

I'm a shot, I'm a shot, I'm my company's pride,
The range is my home, and my rifle's my bride;
Up, up with the flag, let it wave o'er the plain,
I've hit the bull's-eye, and I'll hit it again.

I fear not the sergeant, I heed not the cells,
I've a ball in my pouch on the target that tells;
And ne'er as a slave, but a soldier, I'll kneel,
With a most inconvenient seat on my heel.

I'm a shot, &c.

THE Chippie-Chappies are sorely exercised in their minds because a famous doctor has asserted that an analogy exists between the blacksmith's arms and the ballet-dancer's legs. What astonishes the chippie-chappies, however, is that the ladies of the ballet don't seem to care a dump about what the eminent medical man says on the subject.

MR. B., a lighterman, toddled home to his wife, and chirped out gleefully to the lady, "I don't only mean to murder you, but I'm going to blind you with vitriol first." He had a brick in each hand at the time, and therefore neglected to throw vitriol; but he beat his wife's head about with the said bricks, rendering her insensible, and causing her most dreadful wounds. A constable caught hold of him, and hauled him up. For four long months B. will be obliged to exercise his intellect on picking oakum. This is a very stiff sentence, considering the value of women at the present day.

A NEW ZEALAND gentleman who scoffs boldly at the doctrines of Mr. Weller, senior, anent widows, writes to the editor of a religiously instructive domestic journal, begging that kindly disposed philanthropist to exert some influence in finding him a wife from the old country; "preferably a widow, good sir," says the Colonial. Having broken the ice and got fairly at the subject, this New Zealand pioneer warms up rapidly as he goes on with his amorous application. "We need shiploads of widows out here," he states, with fervid additions. The editor in question seems to object to match-making as being a trifle too warm and explosive a business; but he thinks it a pity that such a number of nice widows should be starving in this country while in many of the colonies their price would literally be "above rubies." In the event of a stampede of disconsolate widows to the sunny climes of New Zealand, we suppose that the weight and brilliancy of each lady candidate for a new marriage would have to be thoroughly measured by experts, before their intrinsic value could be ascertained when pitted against precious stones.

EXPLOSIVE fever seems to be spreading. Who'd have suspected it. Here, in an eminently religious, tranquil, gentle journal, a writer cuts and slashes at "glib-tongued adventurers" who go a-fishing for votes at the General Election. He's quite certain what their fate ought to be; and has decided that he would rather send them "to smoke their pipes in a powder magazine than to take part in this demoralising scramble for a majority." That's the way to blow people up; by pebble powder, and shells, it is!

ONE Mrs. B. told the young women of Stepney, recently, that "all girls from seventeen to twenty-two are ugly—the East-end girls eminently so." "How can that be?" said the belles of Stepney, as they went home, after being well lectured. "We really don't know," said the young men of Bow; "but it ain't true." And then they went and rumbled the damsels' fringes, just to prove it wasn't.

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TOOTSIE CANVASSING.

I PRESUME most Well-Regulated Girls have read how, once on a time, real live Dookesses went canvassing for their husbands' election, and gave kisses to coal-heavers, dustmen, and sweeps in exchange for a vote.



The Dook stands four-half to the working man.

Whether these proceedings came under the head of bribery and corruption I can't say, nor have I any information respecting the way the coal-heavers, dustmen, and sweeps' good ladies took it all, and whether or not rows followed when the Dookesses had flounced out of the humble parlour.

This week I have been canvassing myself on behalf of poor Pa, who is going to get into Parliament. I don't know why poor Pa wants to get in, or what he will do when he's there. The Dook Snook tells me that they can't lock up an M.P. during the time the House is sitting; but I suppose poor Pa will go on having the brokers in, as usual, which reminds me that the Poor's Rates only yesterday had some words with the Bill of Sale, and gave him a dreadful black eye. I sometimes wish things were often settled at home. How can Ma wonder if I don't care to live there?

Lord Bob, the Hon. Billy, the Dook Snook, and I, have been driving round in Lord Bob's new trap, visiting the home of the humble artisan. At first the humble artisan's misus seemed to be under the impression we had come from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and was for going for the Dook, and called him bad names. But when Bob told them our real errand they were rather more friendly, only they didn't quite understand.



Bob kisses the "hinfant."

I said we wanted to get Pa in the House, and the humble artisan said it was a shame I didn't allow the old man enough to live on; and if we went before the Board, they would certainly make me contribute something towards his support. It then transpired that the humble artisan thought "House" meant workhouse.

When he heard it didn't, he said he would vote for poor Pa if it didn't cost him anything; and Bob kissed the baby, and I kissed the humble artisan, and the humble artisan's misus was angry until the Dook and Billy kissed her, and then the humble artisan threatened to throw them down stairs.

In the evening I had promised their votes, his mind up yet what poor Pa left that to his particular.



Tootsie and Bob tea-ing with the Peeler and his wife.

Later on Lord Bob lent the Dook half-a-crown to stand four-half with, and the Dook is now not at all well, and no more is Billy.

To-morrow we must go out again, and the next day and the next. It is proposed that to-morrow be devoted to calling on the publicans, who all seem to know poor Pa most intimately, and we expect to be very well received. I'm afraid it will be a trying time for the Dook and Billy, though.

Every one seems to be talking about poor Pa's Manifesto, which will come out on the 21st. There's no doubt it IS strong.

INTO PARLIAMENT ALLY SHALL GO!

CHORUS OF ELECTORS.

(With apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.)

In the Parliamentary hive,
Liberal or Conservative—
Whig or Tory—we don't know—
But into Parliament he shall go!
Into Parliament he shall go!
Backed by our supreme authority,
He'll command a large majority:
Into Parliament he shall go!

No matter what Party you belong to

EVERY MAN MUST VOTE FOR A. SLOPER,

The Public Benefactor.

Until a few weeks back, A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., T.O.E., T.W.M., etc., etc., had carefully abstained from taking any active part in the Political World. Owing, however, to the pressure brought to bear upon him by THE FAMILY, and the Nobility and Gentry of the neighbourhood, he has kindly consented to come forward fearlessly at the coming Election as the

MEMBER FOR SHOE LANE.

His chances of election do not worry the Eminent one bit. Of his return he feels quite certain. What really perturbs the Master Mind is—To which Party shall he attach himself? Conservative, Liberal, or Radical? Ever anxious to please the majority, ALLY will do anything that benefits mankind generally. At a very influential meeting held at "The Sloperies," it was decided unanimously to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." To do this, all that has to be done is for each purchaser of the paper to address a

1d. POST CARD

to A. SLOPER, Esq., "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., with either of the following words written on the back:—

- 1.—Conservative.
- 2.—Liberal.
- 3.—Radical.

The largest number received of any one of the three to decide the Party to which A. SLOPER is to belong. As this is a most Momentous Question, and may seriously affect the

FUTURE GOVERNMENT

of this Great and Glorious Country, it is earnestly hoped that everyone will send a post-card. "It can only cost you a halfpenny now, and it may save you hundreds of pounds in years to come." The Lists will close this day, Saturday, November 7th, and on November 21st the world may expect the result of the Poll, and

A. SLOPER'S MANIFESTO,

being a Special Supplement Gratis, crowded with Illustrations by W. G. BAXTER, guaranteed to curl the hair of every living creature.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

Since it has become known that SLOPER is coming forward at the General Election, intense excitement prevails at the Gaiety Bar, most of the pubs in the Strand, and at all the West-End Clubs. The subjoined List shows the state of the Public mind on the subject:—

- 1.—Conservative . . . 998 to 1 on ALLY.
- 2.—Liberal . . . 999 to 1 on ALLY.
- 3.—Radical . . . 1,000 to 1 on ALLY.

A YOUTHFUL FOLLY.

THE time has been when each fair face
Could cause my heart a glow,
And when I thought all womenkind
Were angels here below.
How time can change poor mortal man!
'Twas twenty years ago.
I loved her, but she proved untrue,
It often happens so;
But my poor heart was tender still,
And rather felt the blow.
I only plead for my excuse,
'Twas twenty years ago.
And now I sit and think of her,
Of all my joy and woe,
And how I ever could have loved
And trusted woman so.
And what a fool I must have been
Some twenty years ago!

THE LAST NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I AM staying just now in an old-fashioned house on the outskirts of the very last and most disgustingly new neighbourhood.

Within sight are two brand-new public-houses, one opened a month, the other about to open very shortly; and the proprietor of the one already opened has a wistful, anxious look upon him as he gazes out afar from the threshold of his establishment. The same hungry eagerness is observable upon the face of the general dealer, who is suspected of subsisting wholly on his unsold stock of streaky bacon and hard Dutch cheese.

The chemist I take to be a blighted being, doomed to perpetual exile to this dreary region; and he, in a way, revenges himself upon mankind in general by locking up his shop and going for a ramble in the outlying wilds. Here I have lately come across him upon several occasions striding moodily along across smoke blackened desolate patches of poor grass beneath the railway arches, over which ever and anon some fiery monster rushes madly, with a shrill scream and deafening clatter.

Perhaps in the immediate vicinity of these arches our new neighbourhood wears its saddest aspect. An intensely ugly yellow brick church is in course of erection here, and half a row of semi-detached villa residences, built nearly eighteen months ago, and getting to look quite weather-beaten, and wan and care-worn, are fitfully inhabited, as it would seem, by the appearance now and again of a crookedly hung blind in an odd window or two.

One of these villas is The Cedars, and another The Limes; and within the gardens of either leafless twigs, of about the size of full-grown groundsel, which are cedars and limes in all probability intended to be umbrageous in due season, but just now raising a suspicion in one's mind that some one had been having a lark with a birch broom.

It is difficult to imagine what class of poverty-stricken people live hereabouts, and how they manage to live. I think they are mostly young and sanguine couples, and the young husband travels extraordinary distances to earn his daily bread. There are many babies. I don't think I ever saw so many all at once, and though an ornamental addition to a household, these may perhaps be over-babied. But then this is merely a matter of opinion.

Losing my way, I see afar off what I take to be the name of a street, pointed on the side of a house, and make for it in hopes of discovering a land-mark.

It is not, however, a street's name, but merely the word "Undertaker," painted on a neat tin plate, and nailed upon the back of an undertaker's premises.

The Black trade would seem to flourish here. Within a mile I have passed four undertakers' shops, which must have been taken directly the houses were built. They meant to be early in the field, these worthy tradesmen, and for lack of other work, perhaps, if nobody else comes there and dies to oblige them, they may bury one another. A certain amount of comfort is to be got out of that.

THE "SPECIAL ECHO."

I AM the poorest, wretchedest, miserablest, benightedest foreigner (bar none), who ever opened a restaurant in Mossoo's quarter.

I am not brutally ignorant of the customs of this paltry little island, as the misguided maniac was who told his story a week or two ago, and who went in for an absurdly cheap feed, with bread at in-discression.



How on earth can you do this for eighteenpence?"

I have made the commercial honesty of the ridiculous institution called "Old England" my particular study. "I have all your little tricks at my fingers' ends," I said to myself, with a meaning smile.

"I will open a restaurant in Soho, I will give an abominably bad French dinner (oh, yes: there shall be no mistake about that; it shall be just one remove from poisonous). I will charge awfully high for it; BUT—

"BUT I will first get hold of the gentlemen of the Press. I will give them, special dinners—the proper thing—most choice and delicate—everything that is out of season, besides others that always will be so.

Shall I ask them in a body? Not so green.

"I will stealthily approach each one. I will artfully allure him to the spot. I will let him come of his own accord, and I will let him pay for his own dinner!!!

"Thing without precedent. You think I am a fool. It is you are the fool, not I."

I carried out my scheme. It was the labours of Hercules multiplied by ten. I waylaid the Press, and fed them to repletion. They, one and all, were charmed—stunned by the prodigality of the dinner set before them. They said—

"How on earth can you do this for eighteenpence?"

I smiled in my sleeve, but was silent and inscrutable. Take them all round, I did not lose more than seven-and-sixpence a head!



"Regularly brought with him a special Echo."

Nothing could have been more successful. They all of them absolutely swore by the place. They brought friends and friends' friends who swore by the place too. They did everything in fact, but write flattering notices. They, in fact, wrote no notices at all.

I have since learnt that the secret hope of every man Jack of them was to keep the thing dark, because they thought that if it got known, and was much patronized, the quality of the food would deteriorate.

What a world this is! How selfish! How mean! how pitifully mean!

One thing about the literary gents annoyed me from the very first. Each literary gent, I observed, the moment he got into the place, made a point of demanding, in tones of thunder, the "organ" he represented. Thinking it would be conciliatory if I thenceforward took that particular organ in, I did so. But the moment the literary gent knew that this was an established fact, he never asked for his organ again.

I had two solitary customers who were not literary, and one of them regularly brought with him a "Special Echo," which he himself never read. The other customer, however, who was not literary either, but paid like a gentleman, and had a bottle of Moët to himself every blessed night, seemed absolutely to thirst for "Special Echoes." My waiter (a most intelligent man) quietly slid away the other gent's Special, and gave it to him. More than once he confessed his chief object in coming to my place was to get the "Special Echo." To tell the truth, his dinner was beastly. Ha! ha! and it did not even cost me a halfpenny. I could not help smiling.

But Nemesis was not far off. One dreadful day the other gent, that was not literary, brought as usual a "Special Echo;" but it was not the Echo of that evening, mind you! but, spiteful fiend that the fellow was! the Echo of that day twelve-months past. My champagne customer read it as usual (the party it belonged to was only a "half Mèdoc, 1s. 3d.") For a while he seemed puzzled. Then a great fury set in. He raved and stormed. Then he accused my waiter of playing an impudent practical joke on him. Then he swore he would never again set foot in the house, and—he never did.

Neither did the half Mèdoc fellow ever come again, but the literary gents kept on coming till—I shut up the shop! Until now there never was a single word about my place published in any paper.

"He swore he would never again set foot in the house."

AN ART JUGGLER.

It appears that Gustave Doré was not only an excellent violinist and a charming light tenor singer, but that from his fifth to his fiftieth year he never outgrew his taste for juggling and somersaults. When he was in good health and spirits he would walk round his studio on his hands. At Verona he on one occasion acted as mountebank in the streets, devoting the proceeds therefrom to the purchase of a dinner for himself and friends. That Doré thoroughly understood spectacular effect may be instanced from the fact that at the age of eight, with the aid of his schoolfellows, he re-produced on a small scale the procession of guilds that took place at the unveiling of the statue to Gutenberg. The occasion was the schoolmaster's fête day, and Doré carried out the affair in forty-eight hours, painting the banners from memory and acting as master of the ceremonies.

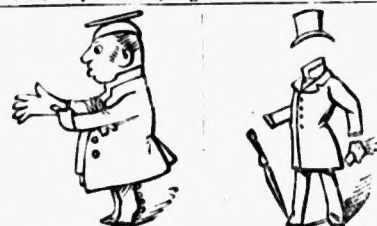


THE FIRST SET AGAIN.

Love Widow (to Literary Giant). Oh, Mr. Shrimington, they tell me you're such a dreadfully wicked man. I'm absolutely afraid of being seen with you.



Trademan. But, my lord, you wrote and said if I called you would pay this little amount. Here is your letter!
Lord Shifty. I see—it is dated last Friday. On that day, my honest friend, they were sweeping out my study. I can assure you the confusion—
Trademan. Say no more, my lord. I beg to tender my sincere apologies. [Exit.]



A relation of the Bishop of London off to the ballet. "Excuse my gloves." [H'w, cert'ly.]
Fancy portrait of the Public Prosecutor



IN THE STALLS.

The very young gentleman with all his illusions undisturbed.



VERY MUCH THE BETTER HALF.

Mrs. P. Now look here, Mr. Penhecker; if you can't hold on a little better, I shan't bring you out any more. This is the third spill you've had, and if you're not tired of it, I'm sure I am. [Poor Penhecker.]



PLEASE TO REMEMBER, ETC.

"Come on, Bill, ere's a Guy Fawkes a-walk in' all of hisself. Let's put a match to him!"



THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.
The Hon. Billy always takes a little run with his in the morning.



MORE PARSING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
Perfect tense.—I have loved.
Future tense.—I shall love.



SUBURBAN ENGLISH.

Heavy Swell (he has taken the Alderman's daughter down to dinner, and she has just gushed at him with a sentence which he takes to be, "Don't you think I get pretty?")
Well—ah, really, my dear Miss—ah, Nature has already accomplished so much, that there—there cannot be room—
Miss.—Oh, go 'long, you absurd man! You know very well what I mean. I mean 'Ighgate, where I live (humph).



(Amber) this 'ere is



SEX. Now you know it nice for the



IN 'T Where's Cunn



She (sobbi declaration beechwood you love me He. Nay, statement, c above.



Vocalist 'Arry.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST IS EARNESTLY SOLICITED ON BEHALF OF A. SLOPER, ESQ., F.O.M., T.O.E., T.W.M., &c., &c.

Send your Post-cards to the Committee Rooms, "The Sloperies."
(See Announcement on Page 355.)



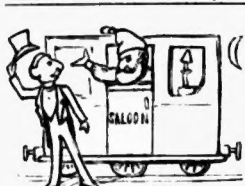
MOOR LARKS!
Gamekeeper (to the Hon. Fitzmuffin). Come on! this ere is a short cut.
(Fitz doesn't see it.)



1. When SLOPER canvassed Mr. McGooseley for his vote, he said, "If you'll stick to me I'll guarantee you a good supply of water." "Thash a ri," replied McGooseley.



AT THE ALBERT PALACE.
NEX. Now, missus, put that feeding-bottle away; you know it'll frighten the Nautch girls. It may be nice for the kid, but its very nautchy, I think.



IN TRAINING.
Where's Cummings and George?



ALLY's subscription to the Shaftesbury Memorial.



ANOTHER CASE.
She (sobbing). Oh, Charles, to think that, after your declaration of undying love, as we sat 'neath the beechwood tree only yesterday, you should now say you love me not! Cruel, cruel man!
He. Nay, Maria—Miss Jones—'twas an erroneous statement, caused by the tapping of a woodpecker above.



3. "The egg trade seems pretty lively," murmured the ancient and venerable old man. "What are they used for, I wonder?" (See opposite).



5. Plump.



7. "Look here," said ALLY, with honest indignation, to the buttermilk of Shoe Lane, "you promised to support me, and the very first bad egg in the eye settles you right off. It's most disheartening."



2. ALLY's Committee is so mean that the Eminent has to distribute his own bills. "This is what SLOPER calls distributing his address, I suppose," said old Jossier. "I hanged if I understand it."



4. But he wondered no longer when he found himself upon the platform with a few of these young gentlemen in front.



6. Plumped.



NAUGHTY.
Vocalist (Music Hall). "And if my love proves false to me I'll lay me down and dee." 'Arry. Just my sentiments, only I'd d— a-standing.



George III. shooting rabbits in Windsor Park. (From an old print in the collection of His Grace the Duke Snook at the Ancestral Hall.)



THE BOARD SCHOOL GIRL'S DREAM.—The handsome Corsair—a very bad young man.



VERY UNREASONABLE.

Wild Irish Girl. An' it's the bit of a shindy an' the broken plates ye object to! An' ye niver was young yourself, maybe, an' romped w' the boys! "Good gracious me! I should think not!" said Miss Mcspivens.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ABOUT this time we ought to be in a fog. All the staff are always slightly foggy, as far as concerns the number of weeks ahead they have drawn their salary. Happily the head cashier, a blue ribbonist (3d. per yard), passes sleepless nights on the off check. "Pea soup fogs," says the Rev. Dr. Brewer, "occur generally in the winter time, and are occasioned thus: Some current of air, being suddenly cooled, descends into the warm streets, forcing back the smoke in a mass towards the earth. If the surface of the earth is hotter than the air, the vapour of the earth is chilled by the cold air, and becomes a fog; but if the air is hotter than the earth, the vapour rises through the air and becomes a fog." Now you know all about it, don't you?

INTERNATIONAL food and cookery is to be the subject of an exhibition to be opened at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, in the beginning of December. An artistic cookery competition in connection therewith is to be open to cooks of all nations. There is to be a similar one at Zurich this month. As A. SLOPER once read—"Huge volumes, like the ox roasted at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well-concocted than smaller pieces."

HIS GRACE THE DUCK SNOOK begs to acknowledge the following further subscriptions to the "Sloper Umbrella Fund":—

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward from last week			7
G. M. (one of SLOPER's admirers)			1
An Admirer (Lewisham), the savings of the last three years			2
Alexander the Small, and Friends in Zululand			2

Total amount received up to date. 1 0

The amount already received, being so far in excess of what was anticipated, it has been proposed, after buying a new umbrella for the Eminent, to invest the balance in such a manner as to enable the trustees to found the "Sloper Home for Waifs and Strays." The opinion of the public on this all important subject is most cordially invited, and further subscriptions will not be returned.

THE birthday of the Boy Alexander is here once more, and Presents are pouring in on all sides. Guy Fawkes day, henceforth, will have a new meaning. It originally derived its name from the fact of a rather unfortunate man, by the name of Faux, being employed to blow up the Houses of Parliament—a thing they, no doubt, wanted very badly, and who got into trouble by the bungling of his employers. He, and most of the others, came to great grief—he suffering more than the rest. The Gunpowder Plot was really discovered on the 4th, and not the 5th, of November; so why the squibs are not let off the day before they usually are, goodness only knows. Somebody seems to be a fool.



THE "dress improver," if not everywhere, at least in the kitchen, is most unquestionably out of place, and it has recently proved its unsuitability to that region by causing the death of a female at Stoke Newington. She was making light pastry, and at the same time wearing a dress improver of large proportions. The wind wafted her garments into the fire, very soon she was in a blaze, and death speedily ended her sufferings. An ugly story this, but not uglier than the "dress improver;" what do you think?

A YOUNG midshipman lately went out to join his ship. He was met on deck by the captain, who said, "Well, youngster, so you've come to join us. I suppose it's the old story—the fool of the family, eh? Haw, haw!" To which the midshipman replied, "Oh no, sir, it's like everything else—all changed since your day." The captain decided not to pursue the question farther.

It is quite possible that the new House of Commons may be confronted with a difficulty as serious as the Bradlaugh question has proved in the present House of Commons. Miss Helen Taylor is standing for one of the divisions of Camberwell, and if she be elected the House of Commons will have to decide whether or not a woman can sit in Parliament. It has always been assumed that as a woman cannot vote she cannot be elected. There is, however, some doubt on this point. There is no direct statutory prohibition, and the question has never been really raised. It is possible that the returning officer will decline to receive Miss Taylor's nomination, and if so the question would be at once raised in the law courts. Pity Tootsie doesn't put up for something.

LORD MAYOR'S day is a date that ought to be looked forward to. Some people have their pockets picked on that day; and some take part as men-in-armour in the procession, and have a bad cold, and leave their pocky-bankies at home, and theirs is a bad time; and some get invited to the banquet, and even get something to eat when they get there. Pickard, Lord Mayor of London, 1363, "sumptuously entertained in one day four monarchs—Edward, King of England; John, King of France; the King of Cyprus; and David, King of Scotland; the Black Prince and many of the nobility being also present on the occasion." Whittington was also Lord Mayor two or three times; and, in honour of the famous feline (supposing my authority be reliable), tips to waiters were then first called "tip-cats." The Sloper Banner to adorn Fleet Street on Monday next will be the feature of the whole Show. "Turn again, Sloper, thrice Lord Mayor of London."



ALLY thinks his friend little Randy was unusually fine in his speech at Norfolk, when he said:—"You have heard what Mr. Bright said. I will tell you what Mr. Chamberlain said, speaking in the neighbouring county of Wilts a few days after. These are his words:—It is still true of the agricultural labourer as it was in the time of the Corn Laws, when the poet said,—"now just mark Mr. Chamberlain's description of the agricultural labourer—



"Landless, joyless, restless, hopeless, Gasping still for bread and breath; To their graves by trouble hunted, Albion's helots till death."

I want to ask you in Norfolk whether the agricultural labourers are "Joyless, restless, and hopeless" (no.) Are they "gasping still for bread and breath?" (no.) Are they "trouble hunted?" (no, and certainly not.) Then there is the last line, "Albion's helots till death"—helot being the Greek word for the lowest and most contemptible condition of life that was known to the ancient Greeks. Now, that is the opinion which Mr. Chamberlain is trying to propound among the agricultural classes of this country. Gasping still for bread and breath he blows says the Eminent; wait until he has a voice in the Government of this country, and not only will there be plenty of bread and breath for the agricultural labourer, but plenty of "unsweetened" too, supplied gratis. Vote for ALLY the Public Benefactor.

DURING the siege of Paris hippophagy was a matter of necessity; indeed towards the concluding months *le viande chevaline* had become a luxury unattainable by the vast mass of the population. Since 1871 the consumption of horse-flesh has gone on steadily increasing. In 1874 the number of horses slaughtered for food in Paris was 4,682. Ten years later the consumption had more than doubled. In 1883 Paris ate 9,485 horses, 307 asses, and 40 mules, or not far short of five million pounds weight of horse, ass, and mule meat. The explanation of this increase is, of course, the high price of beef and mutton in the French capital. While the artisan can purchase a horse steak at less than sixpence a pound, he has to pay three times as much for a cut of beef or mutton. Among the hippophagists of Paris the flesh of the ass and the mule is esteemed even more highly than that of the horse, those delicacies fetching a price fifteen to twenty per cent. higher than simple *viande chevaline*.

ONCE more the *Colleen Bawn* is back again at the Adelphi. The Tottering Edifice, A. SLOPER, Esq., at the head of this crumbling concern, was one among the first-nighters in the far-off first production. True, they chuckled him! but what of that? Benjamin Webster was at that time the man in power, and, if I mistake not, Mr. Anson, senior, ruled the frontage. The *Colleen Bawn*, founded on a popular Irish story, had really an origin based on truth. The cruel murder of Mrs. Scanlan, by "John Scanlan, Esq., and Stephen Sullivan" (the Danny Mann of the play), will form, in a week or two, the subject of one of the strange narratives to be found on our first page. In the "Tales of Irish Life," the author, from the materials, framed his interesting romance called "The Poor Man's Daughter."

As the quick-witted maiden, Mary Herbert, masquerading as a saucy gasconading page, professing to be Cupid's Messenger, in the poetical play of that name at the Vaudeville, Miss Kate Rorke resumes an assumption which places the talents of a very clever actress in the most favourable light, and suggests the possibility of her ultimately attaining marked distinction in the highest range of Shakespearean comedy. Miss Maude Millett represents the love-stricken Fanny Walsingham with a happy combination of grace and intelligence exactly suited to the present demand made upon her powers, and the portion of the text allotted to Sir Philip Sydney receives excellent interpretation from Mr. Walter Everard, who plays the diffident, or, perhaps, rather procrastinating suitor, in a thoroughly earnest, manly, and sympathetic fashion.

A DAILY paper says:—"The Statesman who decided that gratuitous education would be a good card for the Radicals to play in the great Election game has shown a praiseworthy appreciation of one palpable objection to the scheme. To relieve the parent would mean a terrible addition to the burdens of the tax-payer. That would be unpalatable to many of the new voters. So Mr. Chamberlain is ready with his remedy. The spoils of the Establishment would be available for the payment of the School Fees. Thus, without trouble or inconvenience to anyone—except Churchmen—the father of a family would be enabled to keep his pence in his pocket." Wait until the Eminent gets into Parliament, there shall be no discussions or differences of opinion on any subject whatever. ALLY's idea is a nice pleasant meeting every evening, and a chat over a pipe, and perhaps, as the weather's getting cold now, a little "unsweetened" HOT.

Elle et Lui has been fixed on as the title of the three-act comedy, written by Emile de Najac, which Mdma. Judic is to create at the Palais Royal at the end of January. Our readers will remember it to be precisely the same title as one of Madame Georges Sand's most famous novels, descriptive of one of her own love affairs. The lover afterwards gave his own version under the title of *Lui et Elle*.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 14th.

8th November, 1808.—A Mr. Dowler, of Towcester, this day completed, for a wager, a pedestrian performance of 500 miles in seven days.

8th November, 1793.—Mary Jane Phillipon Roland, an eminent French lady, was this day guillotined. She published her travels in England and Switzerland, was the soul of the Republican Party, and secretly governed many of the public measures which were proposed in the Convention before it fell into the foulest hands. The most popular songs of the Revolution were:—

1. *La Marseillaise*, by Rouget de Lisle.
2. *Veillons au Salut de l'Empire*, by Adolphe S. Boy. It seems very strange that men, whose whole purpose was to destroy the Empire, should go about singing, "Let us guard it!"
3. *Ca Ira*, written to the tune of *Le Carillon National*. It was a great favourite with Marie Antoinette, who was for ever "strumming the tune on her harpsichord."
4. *Chant du Départ*, by Marie Joseph de Chenier. This was the most popular next to the *Marseillaise*.
5. *La Carmagnole*. Probably so called from Carmagnole in Piedmont.
6. *Le Vengeur*. A cock-and-bull story in verse about a ship so called. Lord Howe took six of the French ships, June 1, 1794, but *Le Vengeur* was sunk by the crew, that it might not fall into the hands of the English, and went down while the crew shouted, "Vive la République!" There is as much truth in this story as in David's picture of Napoleon "Crossing the Alps."

In the second revolution we have:—

1. *La Parisienne*, called "The *Marseillaise* of 1830."
2. *La France a l'Honneur du Sergeant*.
3. *La Champ de Bataille*.

9th November, 1885.—Lord Mayor's Day. The earliest printed description of the Shows, is that by George Peele, 1585; when Sir Wolstan Dixie was installed. The pageants were then occupied by children appropriately dressed, to personate London, the Thames, Magnanimity, Loyalty, &c., who complimented the mayor as he passed. One "apparalled like a Moor," at the conclusion of his speech, very sagely reminded him of his duties in these words:—

"This now remains, right honourable lord,
That carefully you do attend and keep
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen
Hath put your honour lovingly in trust,
That you may add to London's dignity,
And London's dignity may add to yours."

10th November, 1558.—The last auto-da-fé in the reign of Queen Mary took place this day. It is supposed that in about three years 250 persons perished at the stake. The *Auto-da-fé* was a day set apart by the Inquisition for the examination of "heretics." Those not acquitted were burnt. The reason why inquisitors burnt their victims was, because they are forbidden "to shed blood;" an axiom of the Roman Catholic Church being, "*Ecclesia non movet sanguinem*" (the church is untainted with blood).

10th November, 1750.—Edward Bright, an Essex grocer, died this day, aged 29. His height was 5 feet 10 inches, his bulk round the body 6 feet 11 inches, and his weight 44 stone.

11th November, 1857.—One of the finest examples on record, of the saving of human life by the maintenance of high discipline, during trying circumstances, was afforded this day, during the burning of the *Sarah Sands*, a transport steamer, on her passage to India with a great part of the 54th Regiment on board. The number of persons on board was about 400, besides the ship's crew. Not a single life was lost, owing to the discipline and intrepidity of those on board. The sense of the honour of the flag was strikingly shown during the peril. When the ship was all in a blaze, it was suddenly recollected that the colours of the 54th were in the aft-part of the saloon. Quartermaster Richmond rushed down, snatched the Queen's colours, brought them on deck, and fainted with the heat and smoke; when recovered, he made another descent, accompanied by Private Wills, brought up the regimental colours, and again fainted, with a result which proved nearly fatal.

11th November, 1885.—St. Martin. This festival happening at the time of the year when new wines are drawn from the lees and tasted, when cattle are killed for winter food, and fat geese are in their prime, is held as a feast day over most parts of Christendom. On the ancient clock almanacs the day is marked by the figure of a goose; our bird of Michaelmas being, on the Continent, sacrificed at Martinmas, the usual time when beavers are killed for winter use.

"When Easter comes who knows not then,
That veal and bacon is the man?
And Martinmas beef doth bear good tack,
When country folk do dainties lack."

12th November, 1609.—By a police regulation of the city of Paris, of this date, it was ordered that the players at the theatres of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Marais should open their doors at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at two o'clock precisely the performance should commence, whether there were sufficient spectators or not, so that the play might be over before half-past four. We learn from the first playbill, issued from the Drury Lane Theatre in 1663, that the hour for the commencement of the representation was three o'clock in the afternoon.

12th November, 1381.—The Order of Fools was founded this day by Adolphus, Count of Cleves. The Order appears to have existed down to the beginning of the 16th century. The insignia borne by the knights consisted of the figure of a fool or jester embroidered on the left side of their mantles, and depicted dressed in a red and silver vest, with a cap and bells, yellow stockings, a cup filled with fruit in his right hand, and in his left a gold key, as symbolical of the affection which ought to subsist between the members of the society.

"Fortune can, for her pleasure, fools advance,
And toss them on the whirling wheels of chance."

13th November, 1840.—The Mannings were this day executed in front of Horsemonger Lane Gaol. When the wretched creatures were placed beneath the drop, they shook hands together, with as much apparent cordiality as the pious round their arms permitted. The bolt was drawn immediately afterwards. The fee given to executioners at Tyburn was 13½d., with 1½d. for the rope. This was the value of a Scotch mark. The price afterwards was 14s. 6d., of which 7s. 6d. was the fee, 4s. 6d. for stripping the body, and 2s. 6d. for the use of the shell. Noblemen who were to be beheaded were expected to give the executioner from £7 to £10 for cutting off their head.

"For half of thirteen pence halfpenny wages
I would have cleared all the town cages,
And you should have been rid of all the stages,
I and my gallows groan."

There is a very common, but most erroneous belief, that a woman, by marrying a man under the gallows, can save him from execution. In England great offenders are "hanged," but in the United States and Canada criminals are never hanged—they are all *hung*. In England beef is hung, gates are hung, and curtains are hung, but felons are hanged. In Canada felons, beef, gates, and curtains are all treated in the same way.

14th November, 1541.—Catherine Howard was this day conducted to her prison at Sign House. She was executed on the 13th February following. The scaffold on which she and Lady Rochford suffered was the same on which Anne Boleyn, the Marchioness of Exeter, and the venerable Countess of Salisbury had been previously executed. It was erected within the Tower, on the space before the church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. It has been long since removed, but its site may still be traced by the indelible stains on the flints, which faintly mark out the dimensions of the fatal spot where so much royal and noble blood was spilt by the headman's axe during the Tudor reigns of terror. Christina, Duchess-Dowager of Milan, to whom the royal Bluebeard offered his hand, declined the honour with this cutting remark, that "If she had had two heads, one should have been at his service."

THE GOOD BOY AND THE FOOL.

His name it was Biggs, it was, it was,
And he took me down, he did, he did;
And the master said, "Good boy, go up,"
Whilst I was severely chid.



The Fool.

And then he went up, he did, he did,
And it were a shame, it were, it were;
And me, I went down, whilst he went up,
And to speak I didn't dare.

But I smouldered, I did, I did,
And I said a time will come, will come;
And Biggs, he beam'd with a blissful smile,
Whilst I looked gloomy glum.

Then the master says, he says, says he,
"Pray profit by Biggs's rule, his rule;
For he is an A1, first-class boy,
And Bloggs—well, you are a fool!"

Which Bloggs, it's my name, it is, it is,
And that same I beg to state, to state;
Which he might have rounded it a bit,
Not gave it me quite so straight.



What the Good Boy got afterwards.

But never a word I spoke, I spoke,
And never a word I said, I said;
But I waited till the playtime came,
And then I punch'd Biggs' head.

ON BARMAIDS.

BARMAIDS are a seductive study—a charming institution. Barmaids are born barmaids, otherwise they fail.

B begins barmaid, and B begins beautiful, but it does not therefore follow that all barmaids are beautiful—some are even plain; these, however, are just the ones that don't think so. See the custom a good barmaid attracts! Mark with what smiles she "grooms the coming, speeds the parting" swells who are "spoons" upon her;—how "dears," "loves," "darlings," "duckies," &c., congregate in her immediate atmosphere;—how clever she is, and what a talent she shows in making those swells provide her with such trifling articles of jewellery as chains, rings, brooches, lockets, and bracelets;—what jealousies and heartburnings she causes among the golden youth by her guileless indecision in the matter of "Sundays out!"

I have often wondered what becomes of barmaids when they relinquish that vocation. I don't think many of them subside into landladies, and I have not yet met with an aged barmaid—at any rate, so aged as not to be able to fool a number of smart young men. I don't think that barmen and barmaids are in the habit of intermarrying. I am given to understand that barmaids prefer partners outside the business—solicitors, bankers' clerks, railway directors, M.P.'s, and such like. When they have attained to this state, do they ever sigh for the charm and abandon of a life at the bar, or wish themselves back again? Or do their husbands?

Barmaids, like other dangerous classes, have a slang of their own. In pursuit of my studies in this direction, I was one day standing at a bar drinking a little, and thinking a little, when there entered one of the golden youth already mentioned. After the usual quasi-sentimentality, she propounded this startling question:—

"Well, my dear, what'll you poison yourself with now?"
This to me was a staggerer, but he evinced not the least concern. In a cheerful, airy voice he answered—

"Oh, as before—a glass of mother-in-law."
Now, I had often heard of a mother-in-law being "the death of a fellow," but I failed to perceive how a glass of that article could fatally affect him.

With timidity I ventured, when the sweet youth had departed, without any visible ill-effects from his poison, to inquire of the syren the nature of the mysterious concoction. She gave me such a look! and I felt small, indeed, when I learned that "mother-in-law" was but an innocent mixture of old and bitter ales.

I endeavoured to hide my confusion by attempting a mild joke, as I thought, to a barmaid's understanding.

"Then stout-and-bitter, miss, would be father-in-law!"

"Wrong again, sir," was the brisk rejoinder; "that's stout-and-mild."

I thanked her for the information, and have carefully avoided the house since.

The youngest barmaid can consume a full-grown person's dose of flattery. In fact, they're all good at it, but you must be careful how you lay it on at first. Above all, DON'T WRITE.

Yes, I have come to the conclusion that barmaids are a splendid institution, a seductive study, a sweet solace, &c.; so are the drinks they administer, and, like those drinks, you may take too much of them. I know a man who took only one barmaid, and he says—in private—that she is one too many for him.

Such is life, and such are Barmaids!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

. In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire.

LA PLATA MINE, LEADVILLE, COLORADO, U.S., October 5th, 1885.

DEAREST ALLY,—It is with feelings of almost awe that I venture to address you. I do so at the request (if a request it can be called, when in this country such things are generally backed by a six shooter, but I can assure you that in this case such persuasion was not required) of the miners of this Camp. The community desire to pay a tribute to your genius, and also to the loveliness and accomplishments of your talented daughter, Tootsie. Come over to us, and we will show you how we can appreciate literary power and dramatic talent; and to assure you that you are not coming to a wild place, I enclose some cuttings from a newspaper relative to our Camp. If we should be so far in your favour as to be so fortunate as to receive a portrait of darling Tootsie, it shall be hung in a place where all can see and admire it, and I think it will occupy here the highest position a portrait does in the world. Ten thousand six hundred feet we are above the sea level; think of that. Oh, most illustrious! If you don't care to venture here yourself, you can send Tootsie. And now, Most Excellent, with tributes of respect to yourself, and admiration and love to the darling Tootsie, I remain, in representation of this town, your admirer,
ROBERT LAING.

Leadville men should be entered at Creedmoor. They are the boss marksmen of the world. No matter how intoxicated her murderers may be, or rusty their revolvers, when they go gunning for human game, it comes down with a dull, sickening thud. Mr. Riley was a trifle off night before last, but this exception proves the rule. His man has since died, and is now with his Maker. Leadville men may be deficient in some things, but yield to none in unerring aim and practical results. They never fire for fun.

"There hasn't been a murder since very early this morning."

"The eastern bankers are not proposing to sell any Bland dollars at 85 cents."

"The Chinese have no love for this city—Leadville too much like hell."

38 BRAYARD ROAD, PECKHAM, S.E., October 28th, 1885.

To A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., T.O.E., &c., &c.

MY DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I hand you copy of a letter I have received from Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. Shall be happy to show you the original.

"SYDNEY, N.S.W., August 20th, 1885.
"MY DEAR OLD BOY,—I beg to thank you on behalf of myself and all the fellows in this house for the 'SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY' which you so generously send us. I can assure you they contribute to our enjoyment in a great measure. I would send you some papers, but there are really none worth reading, and so think they are better here.
"Yours ever,
WALTER WHITWORTH-ANDERSON."

Now, most Eminent Friend of Man, don't you think my eccentric love of benefiting my fellow-man, by sending your most enjoyable paper to the Antipodes, merits your "Award of Merit"? Hoping you will confer this much-hoped-for distinction.

I remain, yours,
ERNEST A. P. WHITELEY.

GREENOCK, 30th October, 1885.

TO HIS GRACE THE DOOK SNOOK.

May it please your Grace,

THERE are some people who laugh heartily when their hearts open to Benevolence (bless their hearts), and I was pleased to see in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" that a "LOVER OF SLOPER" and his friend have organised a benevolent fund on behalf of humanity in general, and umbrella makers in particular, and have themselves subscribed the substantial sum of one penny stamp each (total, twopence) to restore the Eminent to the possession of an umbrella on the model of his old and lost gingham. I, ever ready to help every good work, did cast about mine eyes among my possessions for their disposal, and to remit the proceeds in aid of the noble object, and I beg now to submit the following account, which your Grace will find correct:—

By several dozen empty bottles, most of them very much damaged	..	..	..	40	1	6
To be deducted:						
Auctioneer's commission, 10%	..	..	..	0	1	1
Advertising	..	..	..	0	6	
Town Crier and Bellman	..	..	..	0	6	
Bill Posting	..	..	..	0	4	
Money which couldn't be got in ..	..	..	..	0	3	.. 0 1 8
Due to me	..	..	..	0	0	2

Now, seeing the unfortunate state of matters, and, as the Eminent's sense of justice and magnanimity would never for a moment allow that my patriotism should suffer on his account, your Grace will please remit the sum of 2½d. as soon as possible to enable me to square up with my creditors, and I will always remain the Eminent's devoted follower, and your Grace's humble servant (and dog).
P.S.—Please remit the stock fund. I'll do with the twopence, in the meantime, till your Grace gets the other ha'p'ny.
C. L.

October 31st, 1885.

HIS GRACE THE DOOK SNOOK.

May it please your Grace,

MY heart was rejoiced when I saw the opportunity offered of tendering to His Eminence the enclosed tribute of respect, as a very humble contribution to the "Umbrella Fund," and therewith the sincerest wishes for His Eminence's health, prosperity, and longevity.

I refrain from disclosing my name, lest the benevolent heart of him who has long been my "guide, philosopher, and friend" should be so melted as to prompt him to send me his "Award of Merit," and then, indeed, my blushes could only be equalled by the tint of that lovely organ which he possesses so redundantly, even like unto Ovidius Naso. Also, as I am irresistibly impelled to trouble your Grace to present my loving admiration to his charming offspring, I fear, if the partner of my joys and woes should hear thereof, there would be a vast uprooting of the flowing locks of one who, in the initials of his postal district, signs himself Your Grace's most obedient and humble servant, S.E.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure all ills.
Fools may say
Eh! or Nay.
Fact is still
For every ill
Cure
Secure
Beecham's PILLS.
In memory fix it,
A. SLOPER, *ditto*.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

TO COOKS.—You can't make much out of a bad eel because it is not a good deal.

A NEW Name for the Nursery—Lapland.

You should not call a magistrate a pig, even though he is a sty-pendary.

By "OUR UNCLE."—The last resource of some poor actors is to *spout* Shakespeare.

BEST Seconds—Second thoughts.

ASTRONOMICAL MEM.—Planets revolve, but shooting stars are not revolvers.

HORSES' coats come naturally, but tailors sometimes make them for asses.

"TEA and Turn-out"—Teetotalers on the strike.

A RIDDLE WHICH OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE BEEN PRINTED.—Why are engaged ladies like odd boots?—Because they are no good without their fellows.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.
Commenced in No. 54.)

QUEEN OF CLUBS—(Continued.)

I CLUNG to his arm with nervous eagerness.
"I will never leave you, dear—never!" I said, and I looked across defiantly to Sir Harry.

"Estelle," he said, "I love you already for my dead son's sake—let me learn to love you for your own. The position you occupy here is a false one, unworthy of your birth. Do not think that I would dangle you by pictures of a grand life. I do not think so badly of you as to suppose that dresses, jewels, horses and carriages could counterbalance your love for your grandfather, but—but I find you here, in the company of mountebanks who—"



"My grandfather placed his hands upon my shoulders."

walking, on whose arm she leant, when I encountered her this evening—an actor I believe he called himself."

My grandfather placed his hands upon my shoulders, and, holding me at arms' length, looked me steadily in the face with an expression of pain that cut me to the heart.

"Is this true?" he asked me.

"It is true, but—"

"After my warning, after your promise to me, you have met Arthur Desmond—perhaps corresponded with him!"

"Yes," I answered, sinking my head to hide the shame I felt, not shame at my love for Arthur Desmond, but shame for the deception I had practised.

"You see, I am right," said Sir Harry Arundell, with an air of triumph. "Will it not be selfish to stand in the way of our grandchild taking her proper position in the world? We are—both of us—old men. If she remains with you she severs all connection with the Arundell family, and at your death, what is her future? As a lively, piquante, fourth-rate provincial actress—nay, do not interrupt me; I saw her to-night, and can gauge her powers. Believe me, she is no more than that—she will marry some actor whose highest ambition will be one day to rent some such country theatre as this you have at Lawnborough. Life to her will be but a succession of troubles, worries and disappointments; but with me the comfort of her future will be assured. Let her come with me."

My grandfather paced two or three times backwards and forwards on the threadbare rug.

"I will not leave Arthur!" cried I, with as much defiance in my tone as I dared assume.

My grandfather stopped in his walk and looked at me—oh, so sadly, so reproachfully! and then, turning to our visitor, in a firm voice he said, "I resign her to your care, Sir Harry Arundell. Her girlhood was mine, her riper years are yours. God bless you, my darling! go—go with your father's father. It is but—"

And he turned aside his head and wept.

"Estelle, my child, you will not repent this decision. You will leave with me to-morrow morning. The carriage will be here at ten. Will you be ready?"

"Must I go?" I pleaded. "No, no, my good, kind, dear grandfather, my life must be where you are; you have been everything to me, and I—I have been ungrateful—I have deceived you. But do not send me from you. I will not part from you—where you go, I go. You are everything to me, more than the whole world beside, and I will not leave you."

For the space of a minute there was a dead silence, and when grandfather turned his face to me, it looked ten years older, and his voice shook, and his limbs trembled as he replied,

"Darling, you must go. It is for your good. I dare not let you stay; but—but—perhaps—perhaps now and again, not too often, Sir Harry Arundell will let me, your poor old shabby grandfather, will let me come to his fine house and see you, my pet, in all your grandeur."

"Of course," said Sir Harry coldly, "it will be most desirable that Estelle, as far as possible, should be separated from—from her former life; but at times—occasionally, Mr. Sherrard, we—we shall be glad to see you at Deepdale."

"I shall not intrude, sir," answered my grandfather, proudly; "but you will let me see my darling—once—before I die."



"Darling, you must go. It is for your good."

Sir Harry bent his head in acquiescence, and then, after an awkward pause, said in a hesitating tone,

"Naturally, Mr. Sherrard—it is an awkward thing to mention—but of course we should wish, that is, you will not feel hurt if, as you are advanced in years, if I were to suggest that you might give up your—ahem!—your present mode of life, and—a—my solicitor—you will not refuse—a small pension—to—a—"

(To be continued in our next.)

McNAB OF THAT ILK ONCE MORE.

* * There is no truth in the report that Captain McDonald and Mr. McNab are in any way related. — (Signed) A. SLOPER.



"Shot a boy, have I?" said Old Teedle, in desperation. "I felt as if I were bound to shoot something if I went on long enough."



1. The Elder had his repose interrupted one morning by a stentorian invitation "tae cum oot and get killed," from Mr. McNab.



2. McNab kindly responded to the invitation thus; and McNab said, "Gurrah! Gurrah! M-m-mind whit yer aboot, ye rigitle."



SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION NEWS.

When the first School Board Election in the flourishing Borough of Staines took place, and the hustings were erected, the candidates received "such a doing" with rotten eggs, that the spot has been called "Egg'em" or "Egham" to this day.



A Present for the Gordon Boys' Home.

Here's success to the Manchester Ship Canal.



3. And accidentally remembering a pressing engagement, he proceeded suddenly and hastily homeward, thus:



4. And made a dash for the top of the cliff, while the Elder kept rapidly onwards.



5. "What on airth's this?" said the Muckle Laird, who had his tailoring singed a bit. "Dear me, Elder, dse ye want tae pit bung holes through us all?"



THE LAST NIGHT AT THE INVENTORIES.

"Hi, guvnor! What's in that bottle?"
"What's in that bottle, minion? Why, ink, to be sure! What do you think it is? You're another."



6. "Allow me, Mr. Elder McNab, Esq., sen., in the name o' the parish, tae present you with this token of our gratitude for your great services and actvety in kirk affairs, &c., &c., trusting you will find it useful on many many occasions."



7. "And this—this—this," shrieked the Elder, "is what the skoondrils reward me long services in gude daing with—a penny trumpet. I'll sen' it to the bairn, Alexandry."



BANG!

Customer. Ap'ny cracker, please.
Cautious tradesman. Are you under thirteen?
Customer (inignant). Under thirteen? Why, bless the man!—I used to deal wi' yer father!



Getting them ready for the proposed increase in the British Fleet.



Although I am Mrs. Langtry's obedient servant, I can assure you I never ordered a shirt to be put down to her in my life!



A VERY FREE TRANSLATION!

Scholastic Gentleman. Now, my boy, I think I should get in first. What say you? Seniors Priora. You know the meaning of that, of course.
Boy. Oh, yes, all right. "Age before honesty!" Tumble in.

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